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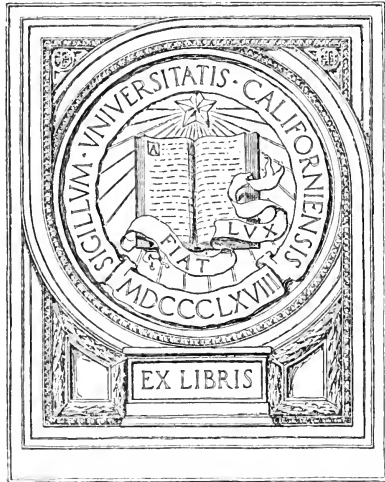


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THE RETURN OF THE "MAYFLOWER"

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THE MAYFLOWER

After the model in the National Museum at Washington

THE RETURN OF THE
"MAYFLOWER"

AN INTERLUDE

BY
RENDEL HARRIS

MANCHESTER: AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS
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PREFACE.

IN the following scenes which are collectively dignified by the title of an *Interlude*, I have brought together men of different centuries, as though yesterday and to-day overlapped one another and could almost be made to coincide. The old men among my pilgrims are not any older than when they left Plymouth Harbour long ago; the young men have only been allowed time enough to grow up into visibility; as for the women, who would wish that Mistress Chiltorn should lose her roses or Priscilla Alden grow grey? The method is that of the ancient popular fancy as expressed in song. As Mr. Walter Leaf says in his recently published "Homer and History," "the popular minstrel is intent only upon effect; and nothing is more effective than to bring together in personal converse the famous men of old times. He is not troubled by any questions of chronology." For the occasion, then, we are that popular minstrel of which Mr. Leaf speaks.

We have the less need to apologise for following an ancient and popular method (in defiance of anachronisms) when we reflect that our underlying theme is that the Pilgrim attitude and the Puritan interpretation of life are not really the subjects of change. They are as

PREFACE.

valid and vital in 1920 A.D. as in 1620 A.D. (or B.C. even). We are obliged at every turn of the wheel of life to realise that here we have no continuing city, and from that perception we acquire the spiritual orientation and outlook which is expressed in the search for the City that is to be. In the same way we are compelled by the motion of the wheel of thought to simplify our expression of faith and keep it close to reality and never allow it to be at variance with verification. We may thus be able to find, as the Puritans did, that the God who was our help in ages past is our strength and our hope for years to come. These things do not cease to be true because I inscribe them on a play-bill and put them in the forefront of an Interlude.

I am indebted to the Washington National Museum for a photograph of their model of the "Mayflower," and to Messrs. Heath & Stoneman, of Plymouth, for permission to reproduce their photograph of the gateway to the Citadel.

RENDEL HARRIS.

THE RETURN OF THE "MAYFLOWER".

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE MAYOR of *Old Plymouth*.

THE TOWN CLERK of *Old Plymouth*.

BRADFORD, *the Governor of New Plymouth*.

BREWSTER.

WINSLOW.

MISTRESS CHILTON.

MISTRESS PRISCILLA ALDEN.

THE BOY, OCEANUS HOPKINS.

THE BOY, PEREGRINE WHITE.

MILES STANDISH, *the Puritan Captain of New Plymouth*.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

WOODROW WILSON.

WILLIAM PENN *from Philadelphia*.

JOHN ROBINSON, *the Pilgrims' Pastor from Leiden*.

TOWN COUNCILLORS of *Old Plymouth*, CITIZENS, a SHIPMAN, *etc.*
Minstrels and Chorus attend.

}
*All Pilgrims from
New Plymouth.*

}
*Presidents of the
United States.*

SCENE I.—*The Mayor's Parlour at Plymouth.*

The MAYOR, *with certain Councillors and Officials.*

Enter a SHIPMAN.

Shipman. Mr. Mayor, there is a strange craft casting anchor in the Sound.

Mayor. How can that be strange, man, that happeneth every day and at all tides?

Shipman. Yet they come not every day bedeckt with scarves and waving flags, as this one doth.

Mayor. It were more proper for a scarfed bark to be weighing her anchor, than for her to be riding thereat : perchance it is some vessel newly launched and gay with the thought of her first voyage. There be many such and will be more when our navigation is freer from restraints, imposed upon us by the Government.

Shipman. Your honour, this is no new ship, either in woodwork, or in sails or design. There is no shipyard on our coast that has the like. And she is sore weather-beaten, as though she had been through polar ice or tropic storms.

Mayor. Thou sayest that she hath waving flags : of what nation be they?

Shipman. This is what perplexes me, your honour. She doth not carry a single pennon at her peak,

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nor fly one piece of bunting, to make gay her poop, but as it were, two flags crost and interlacet.

Mayor. Hadst thou no eyes to see what flags they were that were thus crost?

Shipman. One of them was like our own royal standard, with some flowers on it that we do not paint there, lilies perchance.

Mayor. And what of the other that was twined and twinned therewith?

Shipman. That which I wot not of. It was as though one had gazed through prison bars and had seen the stars through them, and had painted on his flag the stars that he had seen, and eke the bars. Said I not well that she was a strange ship that flieth such a strange flag?

The Town Clerk. Mr. Mayor, I begin to have an inkling of the matter. There is a tang in my brain that urgeth me to speak. This flag of which the shipman telleth hath itself the language of a symbol, and expresseth itself in a parable. I have read in our ancient writers of them that founded a city, upon the lines of abstract thought, and named it Utopia. Wherefore they brake through the rules and customs by which men are bound in most cities and states, as though they were escaping from a prison, and sought a city for themselves, and took its pattern from among the stars. Verily, like so many other airy-minded folk they have failed in their quest and are returned in this battered and hopeless condition. They must be Utopians returned.

Mayor. Then wherefore fly they scarves of joy, as though they were exulting to get back to the prison and to voyage no more by the stars, nor to read their fortunes in the constellations?

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Shipman. Your honour, I believe they have some gladness of return, for they be shouting and cheering after their own fashion.

Mayor. Belike they be spies from some foreign land, and not Utopians at all. Perchance they have petards and other explosives made in—Muscovy or adjacent lands—and design to do us hurt. Or they do design to record the fashion of our forts and the range of our ordnance.

Shipman. Indeed, your honour, I did observe certain of them that were turning an optic glass upon our citadel, as though it were some new land that they might annex, and from which they might dispossess the salvages that dwell there.

The Town Clerk. Mr. Mayor, it were well to enquire further of the shouting whereof this man speaks, in what language of them that dwell over seas the cry was made.

Mayor. Tell me, man, if thou wert near enough to distinguish the sounds, or if one has informed thee thereof: did they cry Hoch! with the Germans, or name the name of Allah with the Turks, or say Banzai with the Japanese, or Vive anything and everything with them that dwell across the Channel? Or did they cry Hurrah, like Christian men of this free country?

Shipman. Your honour, as they tell me, and as I heard in part, their cries were made in our own speech if in any. Yet it was not altogether our own speech, but somewhat harshly spoken, as if one had snuffed up the North wind and taken it on board and ill-digested it. At times the tones were those of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.

Town Clerk. Did none of you, from shore or ship, give

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them hail? Spake ye not back to them in music of our own speech?

Shipman. Yea, sir: we did greet them friendly, but they made sport of us, and when we said 'Ooray, they asked if our breath was in our boots. And when we made sport of them in return, and asked them concerning the strangeness of their raiment, and where did they get those 'ats on their 'eds, then they laughed again.

Town Clerk. They seem to be a merry people, and to have suffered from the Grammar book as well as the North-West Wind. Lord help us if they come hither with academic designs—upon our speech and its intonations.

Mayor. Let the Custom House Officers look to it, that they import among us nothing ungodly, either in speech or in wares. For if the Scripture saith that by thy speech thou shalt be justified, it is true also that by thy wares thou shalt be condemned, if thou bring hither aught that sorts not with our commonwealth. Belike they have a dead Indian on board, and would fain exhibit him to those that will give a groat for the sight. Let not such be landed. But and if they truly and fairly speak the English tongue, let them be welcomed in the Name of God and good fellowship, and let them declare the name of their ship, and let them send their captain and the best of their crew ashore and land at the Barbican. We will ourselves repair thither in good state, and hear from themselves their story and the interpretation of their second flag. And let Mr. Town Clerk prepare for them a fitting mode of address, and give them welcome to the West Country.

Town Clerk. They are surely Utopian and their ship

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is named Erewhon. Had ever man the task of welcoming those that come from nowhere? I will surely play them the tune of Nothing on the instrument of Nobody. But I remember an ancient Inn not far off, called the No-place Inn; we will send them thither, and there they will need no further introduction nor lack welcome. (*Aside*) I will do it or die for it.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

SCENE II.—*A Street in Old Plymouth.*

Enter two CITIZENS.

First Cit. How rolls the Tamar at our town's far end?

Second Cit. Fairly and fetishly, and how the Plym?

First Cit. Flanked with fair streams our ancient city stands.

Second Cit. Great memories sit upon our sea-bound heights.

First Cit. And days to come may well eclipse our past.

Second Cit. Hast heard the news they babble on the wharf?

First Cit. A rumour heard I, but one hears them ever.

Second Cit. They say the old ship "Mayflower" has returned.

First Cit. She that made voyage often to the West?

Second Cit. And brought us store of fish and beaver skins.

First Cit. Which paid us better than the gold of Spain.

Second Cit. Alas! there's no more Spanish gold to get,
And Drake is dead; but there are beavers still,
And fish that swim the seas are currency.

First Cit. Comes then the "Mayflower" with a freight like this?

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Second Cit. No! but with such freight as she once set sail.

First Cit. Alas! for us who sent our ventures in her.
Dost mean that goods we sent have been returned?
No bargains done in beads, in axes none?

Second Cit. It is not of such ventures that men speak:
Live stock, not dead, my friend, is on the way.

First Cit. What! riddles yet! Is it return of kine
Sent forth to breed in distant colonies?

Second Cit. Pity the beeves if they must twice endure
The raging of the far tempestuous main!
Not beasts, but men, have made the homeward
stretch,

And wait our greeting on the Southern strand.

First Cit. What men? perchance from Newfoundland,
Where lie the glades which they that first beheld
Bethought them of the Vale of Avalon,
And named it thus. Or from Guiana's coasts,
Where rolls the Orinoco to the sea
Past golden roofs and spires of El Dorado?
Or from the land that names the Virgin Queen?

Second Cit. You have forgot one West-bound company.
Dost call to mind a poor man's Exodus
Of them that westward sailed to found a Church
Journeying from Plymouth Old to Plymouth New?
We held them witless and rebellious churls,
With claims of rights against their Mother Church,
With claims of rights against their Father State:
Wild claims, vain dreams of good, and wandering
thoughts

That lead men ever to the great abyss,
Where Chaos, Anarch, sits and counts his gains,
If gains they be, of wrecked civility.

First Cit. I knew the men, if for a time forgot.

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Knew them and loved them. Have they then
returned?

There was a fire of passion in their eyes :
A sadness and a patience in their songs :
The women, too! I call them well to mind.
Undaunted of the main, nor scared by storm.
If these return, they will have much to tell,
For they who make the pilgrimage of spirit
Knights Errant are they of the Holy Ghost,
And unto such their God revealeth secrets,
And gives them heritage among the saints.

Second Cit. Thy words are idle words, unless they be
Mated by time with verifying fact.

The men must tell us for themselves the truth,
If heaven-led hence, and now again returning,
And what the guerdon of their enterprise.

Enough of this, my friend, let us away
And wend our steps toward the Barbican.

[*Exeunt Citizens.*]

SCENE III.—*The Barbican at Plymouth.*

Enter on one side a group of Pilgrims from the "Mayflower," and on the other the MAYOR, the TOWN CLERK, and a company of officials and citizens : a chorus of singers and minstrels attend.

The Mayor (advancing).

A hearty welcome to you one and all,
Whose feet are standing on this ancient wharf
Whence, scant of store, but rich in faith, ye went
To seek new lands that held new liberties.
Our town has never lost the memory
Of how ye came and went, nor yet the faith

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That ye would come again from overseas,
To enrich our commerce with commodities,
To advise new instruments of government,
And last, not least, reanimate our faith.

Bradford. First let us on this sacred spot of earth
Most homelike of all homes, as last forsook
Of English soil, well lov'd and n'er forgot,
And first resumed into our ownership,
When we return to claim what still is ours,
Lift to our God the common song of praise.

They sing the doxology in the following form:—

Praise God from whom all blessings flow :
Praise Him all creatures here below :
Praise Him ye heavenly hosts above,
Praise Wisdom, Power and Endless Love.

*The Minstrels intone softly, as if from a distance, the air
"Home Sweet Home". After which the Chorus:
sing the 126th Psalm:—*

When that the Lord did turn again
Of Zion the Captivity
Like unto them that dream were we.
Then were our hearts with gladness thrilled
Then was our mouth with laughter filled
And songs unceasingly.

The heathen said, the Lord hath done
For them great things and glorious.
The Lord hath done great things for us.
Turn our captivity again
O Lord, as in the southern plain
The streams do gladden us.

Who sows in tears shall reap in joy,
And he who goeth forth in need
Weeping and bearing precious seed,

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Shall doubtless, all his toils o'erpast
Unto his home return at last
Bringing his sheaves indeed.

Brewster. If one among the learned should arise
To garb things ancient in a modern dress,
And were to name this well beloved chant
The *Home, Sweet Home*, among the Hebrew
Psalms,
He would not, as the pundits often do,
Have missed the mark; for we that with you sing
Are homing birds indeed that reach their strand.

Winslow. One need not be a scholar to affirm
The greatest word in our linguistic range,
The fullest speech in our vocabulary,
Is Home: for see, it covers Heaven and Earth,
Embracing both beneath one canopy.

Bradford. Those Hebrew sires from whom we drew
our faith,
Who spake in Psalter or in Prophecy,
Have taught us that the Name of God Himself
Is nought but Home, and He our dwelling place.
And when our waywardness of will abates,
He is the lowly cot to which we turn,
Or stately mansion where we may abide.

Brewster. Philosophy home-sickness is defined,
By one that thought himself Philosopher.
He made the final goal and quest of man,
Always and everywhere to be at home.

Town Clerk (sotto voce to Mayor).
He quotes from one Novalis, I assume,
And furnishes a choice anachronism.

Mayor (aside to Town Clerk).
Peace, Mr. Clerk, nor claim priority,

THE RETURN OF THE "MAYFLOWER".

For this or the other of the scribes of man :
Home-sickness, sure, doth antedate them all.
We may rewrite the Assembly's catechism
And man's chief end of glorifying God.
What other end than to arrive at home ?

(*To the Pilgrims.*)

Our singers know the sacred mystery
Of which ye speak, and will unfold it to you.

Chorus.

The traveller in a distant clime,
On burning sands or frozen steep
Preserves a strange mysterious rhyme
That chases up and down his sleep.

(*Oikonde, Oikonde.*)

The seaman o'er the rolling main
Looks back to catch the farewell light,
And joys when, homeward bound again,
The ancient ray besets his sight.

Homeward bound ! Homeward bound !

The sinner, when his day is spent,
His day of false elusive cheer,
Wakes to a sense of banishment,
And hears God whisper in his ear,

Home, sweet home : Home, sweet home.

Mayor (to Bradford).

Our song sets Brewster smiling : can ye tell
The secret meaning of his mirthfulness ?

Bradford. His joy is more than ours : when he perceives

The Greek or Latin mixed with English speech
His soul is joined thereto : one single word
Can put his spirit in an ecstasy.
But *Homeward Bound* is good enough for me.

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Mayor. Ye come from the broad spaces of the West ;
Perchance the while ye twirled the spotty globe,
To find the British Isles, the thought arose,
'Tis but a freckle on the face of earth.

Bradford. We will not say a freckle, but a dimple
Caused by the smile of Heaven on earth to-day,
That fain would smile it back again on Heaven.

Mayor. The time is come, my friends, to introduce
Particular members of your company :
Our general welcome has not spent itself,
But gathers force to recognise you all :
Brave men, bright women : such indeed ye are :
Bradford we know, by his imperial air,
And Brewster, by his scholar's melancholy,
And this is Winslow, if we do not err.
What martial form is this that I perceive,
A warrior yet, though in a time of peace?

Bradford. This is our friend Miles Standish, brave
and true,
Lancashire born and bred in foreign Wars,
Until such time as he made fellowship
With us poor exiles bent on pilgrimage,
Our guardian angel in a soldier's coat.
One whose exterior semblance doth belie
His soul's immensity : you shall not need
To add a missing cubit to his thought.

Mayor. And these fair maids and matrons who attend :
What be their names, and be they wed or free ?

Bradford. This is our Mistress Chilton, she that first
Leapt on the granite as we neared the shore,
And took possession of our Plymouth Rock,
In name of Faith and Hope and Charity.
And this is Mistress Alden that was wooed
By Standish, but our women will not grant

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That to be wooing which is done by proxy,
And lacks the mission of the ear, the eye,
The smile concomitant : as Standish sent
John Alden, who smiles yonder, to appeal
For fair Priscilla's grace, but found it not.
He, when his speech was made that did recount
The virtues of the non-apparent squire,
Received himself a glance that ran him o'er
And pierced him through, and such a terse reply,
Laconian in its brevity and force,
That bade him not make love by deputy.
"Speak for yourself, John" was Priscilla's word,
Her blushes do remember it is true.

Mayor. These boys among the company I see ;
Bright lads, with open eyes and honest hearts,
They surely sailed not on your pilgrimage ?

Brewster. This boy is Hopkins high, and for that he
Was born amid the rolling of the storm,
When wave and welkin were at strife together,
We christened him Oceanus. This lad,
First born on land as Hopkins on the sea,
We christened Peregrine, that we might ne'er
Forget (nor he nor we) the Pilgrim Name,
Nor in New England lose his fatherland,
Which lies afar, whether in earth or Heaven.

Town Clerk. How can we stomach this anachronism ?
These that are never old or always young ?
That live and die not, knowing not decline
Nor marking growth, as though Old Time
Were but a Peter Pan ? Is't possible
That Present, Past, and Future can combine
And alternate, each taking other's place,
And every man be of what age he please,
And put the eyes of history out : Absurd !

THE RETURN OF THE "MAYFLOWER".

Mayor. We all are shadows, and amongst the shades
New rules prevail of first and last and midst,
Of that which changes, and of what abides ;
One thing is sure, though all things else invert,
" Boys will be boys " unto the very end.

Winslow. May it please your honour if we now relate
What other forms of noble souls attend,
And what we bring you of commodities.
Our wealth is in ideas with which we sailed,
Some we have tested, and with these return ;
Some we discard, and leave them to the deep,
And to oblivion ; others larger grown
We gladly to your people would recount,
That ye may see if we were wisely led
And guided by the Spirit of all Truth,
When hence we sailed. Yourselves shall be the
judge.

Of persons, too, we have a goodly freight
Surpassing Ind and Ormuz and the East.
An El Dorado of great human souls :
Kings, Princes, all : I name them one by one,
Three from Virginia's strand we here present
To your acquaintance : this one on the right
Is Washington that framed our polity ;
This on the left is Lincoln, he that found us
Broken and did restore, and made us free
With larger liberty that knows not hue
Of dark or light, the heritage of suns
That look too fiercely here, too coldly there.
This in the midst, ye may have heard his name,
Is Wilson, youngest of our brood of kings ;
Perchance, who knows ? the greatest ; if so be
God give him grace to finish his intent.
With these we joined upon our homeward path,

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One William Penn, who calls himself a Friend ;
He holds the faith that all good men are one,
And of the same religion, though perchance
They hide beneath a diverse livery
To know each other not. Such have we brought
To share with us your hospitality.

Mayor. They shall be welcome all : it pleases us
That to our Council Chamber ye proceed,
We leading on ; and there we may discourse
Till night upon our converse sets its seal.

A procession formed :

Town Clerk. Utopians lead. Anachronisms follow.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

SCENE IV.—*A Place Apart.*

*Enter the TOWN CLERK, with him BRADFORD and
WINSLOW.*

Town Clerk. Good sirs, allow me here a breathing
space, that I may confer with you concerning the
ordering of your company, and their good shelter
and security. His worship desires me to say that
such welcomes as words may afford you have
already, if indeed you be not surfeited with such :
but for the welcome that hearts, homes, and hands
afford, they shall be duly prepared for you.

Winslow. We are plain men, and such as are used to
plain fare. We have lain hard, and oftentimes with
nought between us and the tempest. Our rations
have been elementary, and sometimes non-existent.
Yea, there have been times when we have fulfilled
that promise made to them of old, that they should
suck the abundance of the seas, to wit, treasures

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hid in the sand. Wherefore our claims upon the friendship which ye so freely offer, will not, as we trust, become a burden upon the back of our willing kinsfolk.

Town Clerk. Burden! What burden? Nought but that which all desire to share. And what you lack in meat, or in the clams and oysters of which ye vaunt your satiety, ye shall have in drink. If there is a last resort in diet, as ye say, there is with us a last resource in liquid. His honour hath good store of *aqua vitæ* for storm-tossed mariners who make the port. But tell me first that I may order all things with good honour and dignity, and with a sense of precedence. Ye stand now as representing a great people, and not the poor and paltry hundred of your first invasion. Among you there must be men of title, dukes, viscounts, and earls. Nay! do not frown me an unnecessary denial. Ye have such: ye are such. And hard by there is a mansion somewhat decayed, which once caught the eye and lured the envy of the Spanish lords. There was one Duke of Medina Sidonia who would fain have added to his titles the lordly name of Edgcombe. Verily with them that there dwell ye may be suitably lodged and tended and honoured, being indeed of their caste and their complexion. Nay, my lords, contradict not the welcome that we offer in their name, and as for the common men and women of your company, we have suitable accommodation for them elsewhere in humbler hostelries.

Bradford. The humbler the better; the more grace where there is the least gain. The banquet is ever made by the sitter and not by the board.

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And as for these titles and dignities of which ye speak, let the truth be told that we neither have them nor seek after them.

Town Clerk. But if ye have not such ancient titles as I have unwarily honoured you with, you have certain orders of merit and intelligence and financial worth, such as we ourselves enjoy. The alphabet serveth you as it also doth us ; and sometimes it goeth prancingly before you and sometimes bringeth up your rear-guard worthily. It is even so among ourselves, where many alphabets have been spent in the annotating of functions. What answers in your Community to our *Order of the British Empire*? Have ye an *Order of the Universe and the United States*, an O.U.U.S. to match our O.B.E., an honour which is freely given and graciously multiplied among you?

Bradford. These things are the vanities of an elder day, and we have declared our independence of them. We have no boast of heraldry nor pomp of power. We can pursue happiness and attain it without the aid of such.

Winslow. While we are on this subject, brother Bradford, 'twere well if the Town Clerk could advise us of the explanation of a certain difficulty that has arisen in our post office on the other side. There is one man (if indeed it be one) that writeth many letters addressed to a friend or family of friends whose name is Esq! I know not how to pronounce it, but it is written thus, E S Q ; it seemeth to be the name of a clan or family, and almost as numerous as they that amongst ourselves are called Smith ; only there be not any women in the clan, which seemeth strange. How can they propagate and be

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so many by themselves alone, for with us as with you, the woman followeth the appellation and shareth the dignity of the male. Be they cockfeathers that they be thus denoted? Our post office hath assigned a special department for the letters addressed from abroad to this Mr. Esq and his company, and it is thought that a special financial appropriation will be necessary to deal with them.

Bradford. Perchance the Town Clerk judgeth and condemneth our post office as an anachronism. His smile is incredulous as of one that seeth an unexpected and impossible monster on the soil. It were well to consult Brewster, who himself had the Royal Post Office at Scrooby in Nottinghamshire, and turned it into an outpost of the new and more truly Catholic Church.

Brewster. Brother, we will leave the Town Clerk to explain; for I have long forgot the meaning of the European names and signs.

Town Clerk. I conjecture that they are not a name at all, but forgotten symbols of some ancient worthiness that lies enshrined in these three letters of the alphabet. In that case it might be well to assign the correspondence that doth affect them to the Dead Letter Office.

But, sirs, that we lose not our time, nor hinder yourselves from beholding the memorials and the things of fame that do adorn our City, tell me, in brief, how many your first company is grown to, that we may prepare for them all, with titles or without titles; for we understand that many other ships attend your course, and will shortly arrive here to share our festivities. To what dimension have your hundred Pilgrims grown?

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Bradford. Of those that claim descent from our prime stock

A modest million is the reckoning.

Town Clerk. We are but a modest quarter of that tale, and verily we can hardly give a hand to more than four a-piece, or sleep more than five under one coverlet; but let them come, and the more, my masters, the merrier.

Winslow. Thou seest, brother, that we have verified ten times over the promise that the little one shall become a thousand. Our seed is become as the sand on the sea-shore, wellnigh innumerable. But lest they think that we be locusts, it were well to advise them that we bring necessary supplies with us, and that neither we nor our hosts will be cribbed, couponed, and confined.

Town Clerk (sotto voce). Verily if they all come, the No-Place Inn to which I had planned to send these Utopians, will hang out a sign that there is no room.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

SCENE V.—*The Guild Hall, Plymouth.*

Enter the MAYOR, and a company of PILGRIMS: with them PENN, WASHINGTON, LINCOLN, WILSON, and others.

Mayor. Our citizens would now hear from you what you have accomplished in the West, and what examples you have set the world that you left so abruptly, and to which you have so happily returned.

Bradford. Religion stood on tiptoe in our land,

Ready to pass to the American strand.

Town Clerk. Here is something fresh again, in Gram-

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mar and Prosody and Pronunciation, like Hamlet with his "mobled queen". Would you tell me, grave and reverend signiors, why you say America where we say América? For surely our pronunciation must be right.

Priscilla Alden. The missionary who converted our tribe pronounced it America, after one Amerigo-Vespucci, and told us to be very careful of our accentuation.

Town Clerk. Your ladyship demonstrates the antiquity of yourself and friends: nothing is earlier than an early pronunciation. I will instruct our town-crier that the Americans are arrived.

Brewster. And to say that, if they hear not Priscilla and Prosody, and if they be scant of the art of scansion, they can pronounce the word as they please. As for scholarship, we have one George Herbert on our side, who did declare that

Religion, then, shall to America flee:

They have their seasons of gospel even as we. Indeed, Mr. Mayor, that we may turn from literary trifling to your questionings, we went westward in the bonds of the gospel, carrying the same and with endeavour to realise it more carefully. Our model in this was the Scriptures of the New Testament, which advise us to carry the good news to every creature (which aimed half the Church-arrows westward from the first), and at the same time to see to it that we abode in that which we had from the beginning (thus ensuring to us an abiding in the Father and in the Son, and in the primitive doctrines and practices of the Church).

Mayor. Ye might have stayed in England, without

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flitting first East and then West, like frightened birds whose own nest pleaseth them not.

Bradford. Your honour, our nest was disturbed, and the eggs we were incubating were broken from without instead of hatched from within. When we meditated upon a purer life, we heard an Oracle which said to us, "Where two or three are gathered in my name, there am I," and when we attempted to obey the same, and test the validity of the Divine Word, we found the sacred text erased, and the word rewritten so as to read,

Where two or three are gathered in my name,
There is the Policeman in the midst of them.

And we suffered much from sheriff's men and bishops' poursuivants, and Star Chambers, and fines and malevolence. Indeed, it was not one officer of justice but many, and all kinds of informers to boot: behind them stood the bishops as judges, and the King who vowed he would harry us out of the land, and then persecuted us in our efforts to go thence.

Mayor. You will find we have reformed all that very indifferently.

Town Clerk. Nowadays we prefer a man who is of an opposite party to our own, and give him prominence. We can instruct you in the art of Coalition.

Brewster. We did not come seeking instruction in a subject where we have all graduated *summa cum laude*.

Mayor. Did you not consider, Sir Scholar, that bishops were of the *esse* of the Church, and of its *bene esse*?

Brewster. Neither of the *esse*, nor, in our days, the *bene esse*. Fines, Racks, Pillories, Gibbets, and Imprisonments can never be of the *bene esse* of the

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Church that inflicts them, however they may be of the *bene esse* of the Church that suffers them. We went East and we went West finding religious liberty first, and civil liberty, its twin brother, that followed him.

Mayor. Well! Well! my good friends, you teach us good lessons, and, as I understand, by the simple process of painting the planet red with your doctrine (one half of it at least) you have proved that the Church is older than the bishops, and was before them, and can be without them. But did you carry out the quest for liberty on your own behalf, or in behalf of others also? For I hear it said that you did not leave unstained what there you found, freedom to worship God.

Bradford. We are not here wholly to dispute your criticism, Mr. Mayor. Penitence attends our joy, and there is always added joy, in heaven or earth, over penitence. Yet it must be said that we of Plymouth Colony were not such sinners as to call down upon us a very high tower of judgment.

Mayor. But did you not hang Quakers and burn or hang witches? Such things as are highly disapproved of here, for we are all firmly persuaded that witches do not exist (except such as Sir Oliver Lodge doth trifle with, and him we venture not to judge, for he hath a retort which, if not quarrelsome, is quick); while for the Quakers, we find them the best of men so long as they keep to their proper business, which is money-making, and do not intrude into politics, and resist our authority.

Town Clerk (aside to Mayor). Your honour, the ice is a bit thin just there.

Bradford. Of such witch trials as occurred in Plymouth

Colony, I can remember but two: for the rest, you must go to Salem and to Boston. Of these two, I believe we exposed the falseness and the fallaciousness of both the prosecutions. One woman charged another with witchcraft, and said the witch had appeared to her in the form of a bear. Whereupon the Court did pertinently enquire "What kind of taylor the bear did carry" that they might judge her tale by the other's tail. And when she said "That I wot not of," we were persuaded that she was a deceiver, and should herself have the whipping which she designed for the other; whereupon she did handsomely confess her fault and we released her.

Mayor. I should have sent her to the Assizes.

Bradford. Belike she would have guessed that and would not have repented. The end of legal enquiry is not the infliction of penalty, Mr. Mayor, but the exposure of lying and the reformation of the criminal.

Mayor. You had with you from time to time some unpleasant Anabaptists, as well as certain Quakers who did not abide by their craft of money-making?

Bradford. Indeed, Mr. Mayor, to continue my tale of woe, we did once beat a Baptist, and entered it in the charge sheet that he was beaten for rudeness, not for his sacramental blasphemy. And we counselled one or two to move further away from us in the interests of Christian Unity. One Roger Williams, a great Anabaptist, who founded the State of Rhode Island, did come to us for a time: but we did not treat him unhandsomely, whom no serious or enlightened man could fail to love, but sent him across the river.

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Mayor. And for the rest of whom we hear?

Bradford. For the rest—Plymouth is not New England: and New England is long ago as penitent as Plymouth.

Mayor. Do you remember the warning which our wise King James uttered (wisest of all our kings since Solomon, yet I would not be extreme in praise of royalty as an intellectual institution) that if there were no bishop there would be no king?

Bradford. Indeed, and he that said it was a prophet of the first order, one of them whose fire burns in their own bones. The prophet is surest when he stands for his own altar and hearth-stone.

Mayor. Then is royalty not of the essence of a Kingdom?

Bradford. Of a Kingdom indeed, but not of a State.

Mayor. Not of the *esse* of a State?

Bradford. Nor, in our days, if of the *esse* of the State was it of the *bene esse*. Here again we have proved it by painting the Western World kingless.

Mayor. But I heard you say that you had brought sundry kings and kinglets with you?

Bradford. You shall see them for yourself, Mr. Mayor, and applaud our king-makers. Here is one, George Washington, of the old Virginia Stock. A sturdy kinglet! Can you produce his like by mere inheritance?

Town Clerk. Let me introduce him, Mr. Mayor. This is George Washington, who could not tell a lie, by which you may see he was not a Stuart. This is he that once flung a dollar across the broad Potomac River.

Brewster. To me it seemeth that this tale belongeth

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to the order of legends. Doth not the Greek poet Simonides, tell of one that excelled all the other young men, in that he cast his javelin from Iolchus, rich in vines, across the eddying river Anaurus. Verily we have here the source of the myth disclosed to us.

Town Clerk. I tell the tale as it was told to me, and will stand by it till the Anaurus and the Potomac are both run dry.

Brewster. Thou hast given thyself away, Mr. Town Clerk; for this name Potomac answereth to the Greek word Potamos, which denoteth a river. Wherefore the Grecian origin of the tale is disclosed.

Town Clerk. Saving thy reverence, thou art one of them that are called Higher Critics, who when they have traced a sequence of events, report that all but the first did not occur, and the first—did not happen. Let us have nothing to do with such scepticism. Every child in America knoweth that he hurled the dollar across the stream: and see! himself doth not deny it.

Priscilla Alden. Ah! A dollar went further in them days than it does now!

Town Clerk. Later on, his arm was stronger grown and his aim more certain, and he flung a sovereign across the Atlantic.

Mayor. Mr. Town Clerk, our people do not understand these references: but we understand that Mr. Washington is an exponent of civil and religious liberty, and one that has, almost as certainly as ourselves, embraced the principle of toleration: toleration, a blessed word, meaning that by which a man is, or may be tolerated, the

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stronger bearing the infirmities of the weaker, when the weaker is not so infirm as to be negligible; and the wiser listening patiently to the foolish, if he has aught to say for himself, and tolerantly having the last word with him. A blessed plant, Toleration: of slow growth in the West, as I hear, but now happily rooted; and amongst ourselves a stately tree, under whose branches the foul things of the air—I mean fowls of the air, take refuge.

Brewster. Peradventure there be some that think it to be a hateful word, Mr. Mayor, and not fit for a Christian's vocabulary. I suggest, Mr. Mayor, that we ask George Washington to read us a letter which he wrote to the Jews at Newport in the State of Rhode Island, where they had found shelter and sanctuary.

Mayor. Fellow Citizens, I introduce to you George Washington and a state paper of his.

Washington. My reply to the congratulations of certain Jews was written in the year 1790, some fourteen years after we had accomplished our Colonial independence. May it prove a happy omen for days of peace when Wars are terminate.

“TO THE HEBREW CONGREGATION IN NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND.

“GENTLEMEN,

“While I receive with much satisfaction your Address replete with expressions of affection and esteem; I rejoice in the opportunity of assuring you that I shall always retain a grateful remembrance of the cordial welcome I experienced in my visit to Newport, from all classes of Citizens.

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"The reflection on the days and difficulties which are passed is rendered more sweet from a consciousness that they are succeeded by days of uncommon prosperity and security. If we have wisdom to make the best use of the advantages with which we are favoured, we cannot fail, under the just administration of a good Government, to become a great and a happy people.

"The Citizens of the United States of America have a right to applaud themselves for having given to mankind examples of an enlarged and liberal policy: a policy worthy of imitation. All possess alike liberty of conscience and immunities of citizenship. It is now no more that toleration is spoken of as if by the indulgence of one class of people that another enjoyed the exercise of their inherent natural rights. For happily the Government of the United States, which gives to bigotry no sanction, to persecution no assistance, requires only that they who live under its protection should demean themselves as good citizens, in giving it on all occasions their affectionate support.

"It would be inconsistent with the frankness of my character not to avow that I am pleased with your favourable opinion of my administration, and fervent wishes for my felicity. May the Children of the Stock of Abraham, who dwell in this land, continue to merit and enjoy the good will of the other inhabitants, while everyone shall sit in safety under his own vine and fig-tree, and there shall be none to make him afraid. May the Father of all Mercies scatter light and not darkness in our paths, and make us all in our several vocations useful here, and in his own due time and way everlastingly happy.

"G. WASHINGTON."

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Brewster. Perhaps it sounds strange to you at least, Mr. Mayor, to see the tide of democracy running so strong; but I can assure you that the ideas, which we have incorporated in our common life and lot, are spiritual ideas, and that we learned them (outside of the Scriptures of Truth), on the one hand, from thinkers who saw in what direction nations must tend, and on the other, from active men, who confirmed the great thoughts in an un-dying struggle to realise them.

Mayor. I understand that you have been in Holland, my good friend, and Holland is at once the cradle and the fortress of freedom; but how amongst spiritual thinkers the idea of democracy, whether civil or ecclesiastical, first emerged, I have not wit to say.

Brewster. My own family, Mr. Mayor, was in contact with the liberals of the Virginia Company, amongst whom Sir Edwin Sandys was one of our fast friends. He and others sat at the feet of the "judicious Hooker," and it was from him that they learned that *Governments exist for the sake of the governed and by consent of the governed.* In that sense it was Hooker that first landed upon Plymouth Rock.

Mistress Chilton. I was his outward and visible incarnation.

Mayor. Hooker wrote and ye translated him. His word became in due time, your action.

Standish. Mr. Mayor, I have not looked over the Western Map to see if any place is named after Hooker, but if such there be, it is no long journey from Hooker-Town to Washington.

Mayor. Our Dutch friends, at all events, carried action

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to the last ditch in a land of ditches, and almost died there.

Bradford. The democracy for which one would not dare to be imprisoned or to die, is not the true metal. I think, Mr. Mayor, if you were to introduce Abraham Lincoln to our company, he could say some salutary things to us. He is no fair-weather pilot, nor one that would sneak back to a snug harbour, like the Captain of the "Speedwell," who brought us down the Channel. He ever went through to the land that he saw ahead on the other side.

Mayor. Mr. Lincoln, you know something about hard knocks, you have a right to tell us some hard truths. Look round over the battle-fields of freedom, from Thermopylæ and Marathon to Gettysburg, and tell us your inmost thoughts of them. The world is one cemetery to-day. Do you consecrate it.

Lincoln. Our fathers brought forth on the western continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in testing whether that nation or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on the great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or

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to detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honoured dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

Bradford. We have learned from a good teacher to beware of Scribes and Pharisees who sit in Moses' seat, and climb up oftentimes into that of the Messiah; but not all who sit in historic thrones are of that order. Nature herself demanded that Lincoln should sit down in Washington's chair; and after Lincoln comes one as worthy as he. Let us hear a word from Woodrow Wilson, the man whom a great storm found rightly at the helm of the State.

Mayor. Mr. Wilson, it seems to me that in one point you are far beyond your predecessors. Their first care was negative, to avoid entangling alliances and to justify the bitter and estranging sea. Your care has been to see that liberty was not caught in an entangling net of hostility, and to avoid that disaster, even the Atlantic with its proprietary rights of alienation was obliged to subside and retire.

Wilson. I can only repeat to this company what I have said before and said often.

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We have been struggling for the ideals of our own lands, great ideals, immortal ideals, which shall light the way for all men to places where justice is done and men live with lifted heads and emancipated spirits. That is the reason for our solemn and invincible joy. Let us make this, therefore, a day of fresh comprehension of what we are engaged upon, a day of renewed and clear-eyed resolution, a day of consecration in which we devote ourselves without pause or limit to the great task of setting our own countries and the whole world free to render justice to all, and of making it impossible for small groups of political rulers anywhere to disturb our peace or the peace of the world, or in any way to make tools and puppets of those upon whose consent and upon whose powers their own authority and their very existence depends. We are comrades dependent upon one another, irresistible when united, powerless when divided, and so we join hands to lead the world to a new and better day.

Bradford. There is also one William Penn with us ; of whom I spake. His words are Wilson's and Wilson's are his. He hath new thoughts for the Government and for the pacification of the world.

Mayor. Mr. Penn, we would fain hear from you first the thoughts that have occupied your fancy.

Penn. I have showed the Desirableness of Peace ; and the truest means of it, to wit, Justice, not War. And that this Justice was the fruit of Government, as Government itself was the Result of Society ; which first came from a Reasonable Design in Men of Peace. Now if the Sovereign Princes of Europe who represent the Society, or Independent State

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of men that was previous to the obligations of Society, would, for the same reason that first engaged Men into Society, viz., Love of Peace and Order, agree to meet by their Stated Deputies in a general Diet, Estates, or Parliament, and there establish Rules of Justice for Sovereign Princes to observe one to another and thus to meet yearly, or once in two or three years at farthest, or as they shall see Cause, and to be styled, the Sovereign or Imperial Dyet, Parliament, or State of Europe, before which Sovereign Assembly should be brought all Difference depending between one Sovereign and another, that cannot be made up by private Embassies, before the Sessions begin ; and that if any of the Sovereignties that constitute these Imperial States, shall refuse to submit their Claims or Pretensions to them, or to abide or perform the Judgment thereof, and seek their Remedy by Arms, or delay their compliance beyond the Time prefixed in their Resolutions, all the other Sovereignties, United as One Strength, shall compel the Submissional Performance, with Damages to the Suffering Party, and charges to the Sovereignties that obliged their Submission ; to be sure Europe would quietly obtain the so much desired and needed peace, to her harassed Inhabitants ; no Sovereignty in Europe having the Power, and therefore cannot show the Will to dispute the Conclusion : and consequently Peace would be procured, and continued in Europe.

Mayor. Mr. Wilson, you have something to say on the concert of peoples as an outcome and an end of war.

Wilson. It is a fearful thing, Mr. Mayor, to lead a

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great and peaceful people into war : but right is more precious than peace, and if we fight, we fight for those things that are nearest to our hearts, for democracy, for the right of those that submit to authority to have a voice in their own government, for the rights and liberties of small nations, for the universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as will bring peace and safety to all nations, and make the world itself at last free.

Mayor. You will put a great many people out of employment, Mr. Penn, if you remove finally the causes of war.

Penn. We shall have the more merchants and husbandmen, or Ingenious Naturalists, if the Government be but anything solicitous of the Education of their Youth ; which, next to the present and immediate happiness of any country, ought, of all things, to be the Care and Skill of the Government.

Mayor. And you will put a good many War Offices and military buildings out of use.

Penn. Only to put them into use again : for if swords may be prophetically turned into ploughshares, and spears into pruning-hooks, and no good metal lost thereby, why should not Citadels become Academies, and Barracks Halls of Residence ?

Brewster. There is one Master Sheppard with us, a godly person, but of too weak a voice to be heard far afield. He whispereth to me that within eight years of the building of Boston, and within twenty years of the landing on Plymouth Rock, the foundations of Harvard College were well and truly laid.

Mayor. Then there is hope for Old Boston and for Old Plymouth also that they may arise and shine.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



THE GATEWAY OF THE CITADEL OF PLYMOUTH
WHICH IT IS PROPOSED TO CONVERT INTO A UNIVERSITY

THE RETURN OF THE "MAYFLOWER".

Town Clerk. Mr. Mayor, there is a man arrived who craveth audience of yourself and of this company. He is a venerable person, yet, according to the anachronism of these days, he seemeth not to be old. He hath somewhat of a light in his eyes, and I fear me he may be dangerous.

Mayor. Bid him approach and first demand his name.

Town Clerk. He saith that he is Robinson of Leyden, and promiseth that his speech shall be brief.

Mayor. Let him approach, and give him reverence.

Enter ROBINSON. (*All except WILLIAM PENN remove their hats.*) *He looks round upon the Pilgrims solemnly and lovingly, and then, lifting up his hands, declares:—*

Robinson. My children, God hath yet more light to break forth from His word.

All. Amen! Amen.

Robinson. My children, do not attempt the portal of the Future with the blood-rusted Key of the Past.

All. Amen! Amen!

Mayor, after a pause. We have a trifling, foolish banquet forward.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

OIKÓNDE.

Composed by R. A. AYTOUX.

1. The trav' - ler in . . a dis - tant clime, On burn - ing sands or
 2. The sea - man o'er the roll - ing main Looks back to catch the
 3. The sin - ner, when his day is spent, His day of false e -

fro - zen steep Pre - serves a strange mys - te - rious rhyme That
 fare - well light, And joys when, home - ward bound a - gain, The
 lu - sive cheer, Wakes to a sense of ban - ish - ment, And

End of 1st verse.

cha - ses up and down his sleep. Oi - kón - de, Oi - kón - de.
 an - cient ray be - sets his sight.
 hears God whis - per in his ear,

End of 2nd verse. *End of 3rd verse.*

Home - ward bound, Home - ward bound. . . Home, Home, Home, sweet

Home, There's no place like Home, . . There's no . . place like Home.

PSALM 126.

Ancient Jewish (adapted).

1. When that the LORD did turn a - gain Of Zi - on the cap -

- tiv - i - ty. Like un - to them that dream were we;

Then were our hearts with glad - ness thrill'd, Then was our mouth with

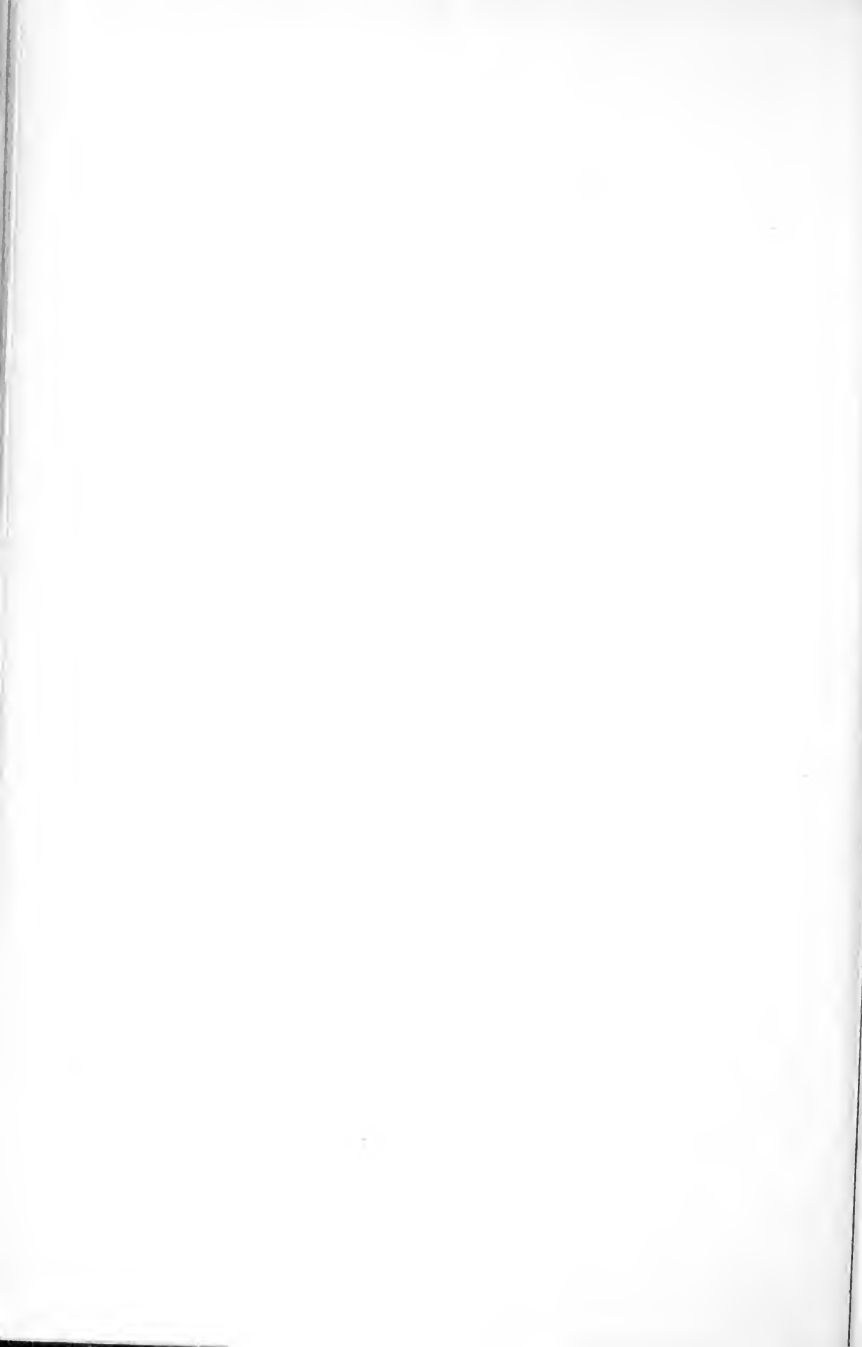
laugh - ter fill'd, And songs . . . un - ceas - ing - ly.

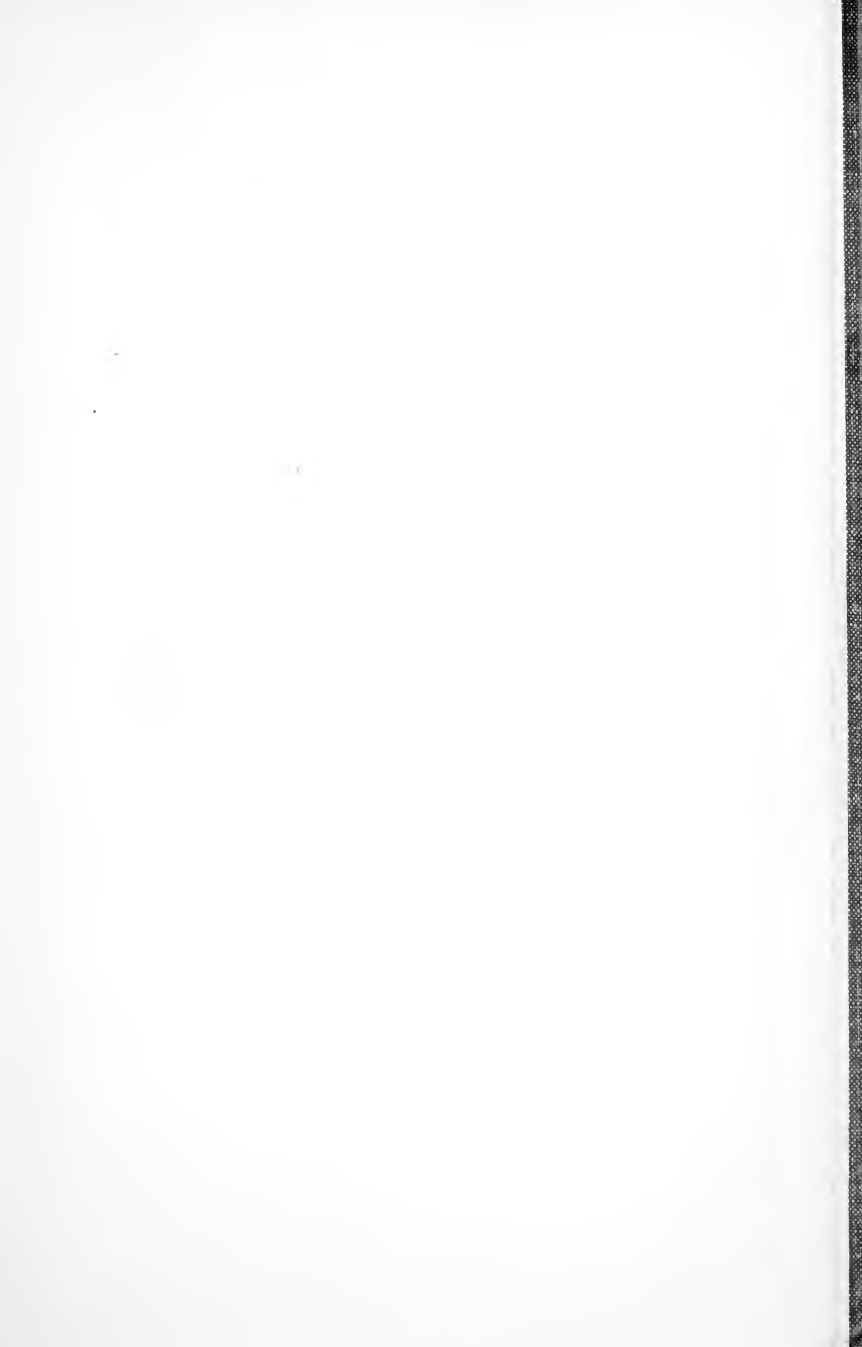
2. The heathen said, the LORD hath done
 For them great things and glorious,
 The LORD hath done great things for us.
 Turn our captivity again,
 O LORD, as in the southern plain
 The streams do gladden us.

3. Who sows in tears shall reap in joy;
 And he who goeth forth in need,
 Weeping and bearing precious seed,
 Shall doubtless, all his toil o'erpast,
 Unto his home return at last,
 Bringing his sheaves indeed.

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